THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1822.

MISS GRIMANI.

MISS GRIMANI, we understand, was born on the 25th of December, 1800; she is the youngest daughter of a Mr. Grimani, well known at Bath as a gentleman possessed of great classical knowledge, an Italian by birth, and son of the noble Venetian family of that name. He quitted his native country from religious motives, married, and settled in England. He was for many years an inhabitant of Bath, where he died at an advanced age, leaving a widow and seven children; the youngest of whom was Cecilia, the subject of this memoir. His eldest daughter, Julia, being possessed of great personal, as well as mental, qualifications, was recommended to select the stage as a profession, in which she was eminently successful, and made her first appearance at Bath, in the character of the Grecian Daughter; she afterwards performed at the Haymarket Theatre; from thence she proceeded to Liverpool, where she was married to Mr. Young, our celebrated tragedian; and died in the flower of youth and beauty, giving birth to a son, who happily survives.

The present Miss Grimani made her *dêbut* also at Bath, in 1816, in the character of Juliet; since which period, she has been playing at many of our principal country theatres, as well as in the sister kingdom, constantly leading the first business.

She made her first appearance before a London audience, on the 10th of April last, at Drury-lane Theatre, in the character of Lady Teazle, in The School for Scandal. Her fine, imposing, and youthful figure is admirably adapted to set off the part. She was very cordially received, and much applauded towards the conclusion. She again appeared on the 12th, and was received with increased marks of approbation. In short, Miss Grimani continues to be a growing favorite with the public, and may fairly be entitled to a place among the first comic actresses of the day.

In addition to Miss Grimani's theatrical powers, she possesses no inconsiderable talent for poetry.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The Poltese, or inhabitants of Pollet, a suberb of Dieppe, have, by the singularity of their dress, the appearance of a distinct colony; whilst occupied continually in fishing, they remain equally strangers to the civilization and politeness which the progress of letters during the two last centuries, has diffused over France. Nay, scarcely are they acquainted with four hundred words of the French language; and these they pronounce with an idiom exclusively their own, adding to each an oath by way of epithet. This habit is so inveterate with them, that even at confession, at the moment of seeking absolution for the practice, it is no uncommon thing with them to *swear* that they will be guilty of it no more.

TURNER'S TOUR IN NORMANDY.

An Englishman may be known at table because he places his *fork* on the *left* side of his plate; a Frenchman by his *fork alone;* a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a *pick-tooth.*

CLARKE'S TRAVELS.

CROYLAND ABBEY;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."

(Continued from page 289.)

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Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

For the first time in his life, Guthlac found the hours hang heavy in his mother's presence, and dreaded encountering her affectionate glances; gladly, therefore, did he hear the heavy sound of the bell which summoned the domestics into their lady's apartments previous to their separation for the evening, but with a feeling to which he had hitherto been a stranger, he received her parting blessing and salute. When however again alone, his impatience for the expected interview returned, and with beating heart, he awaited that silence which was to conduct him to Brithmer. Often did he approach the door of his chamber to listen if all were still; and as often did he retire disappointed as a distant sound struck his ear. At length he felt assured that every one had retired to rest, and with a noiseless step he prepared to descend; he scarcely dared to breathe as he approached his mother's apartment, and a universal tremor seized him. He paused; the fear of her disapprobation gave a pang to his heart; he had never before wilfully disobeyed her, and the thought of her tearful, but tender, reproaches on former occasions when he had unfortunately incurred her displeasure, arose to his imagination, and shook the firmness of his determination. While he thus stood irresolute, he beheld the glimmering of a taper, and the tall figure of Brithmer became visible; scarcely sensible that he had hesitated on the impropriety of his present procedure, he was almost at the same instant by his side;—grasping his hand in silence, he followed him to the armory.

"Ah, Guthlac!" cried Brithmer, with a sigh, "when I was last in this room, it was in company with your father! little did he think that it was the last time he should prepare for

for battle. Accursed treachery, that laid for ever low the noblest heart that ever beat in the bosom of man!"

"Treachery!" exclaimed Guthlac, the bright roses of his cheek fading to a deadly paleness; "did not my father die in battle?"

"That would have been an honorable death," returned Brithmer; "the field of victory is the soldier's proudest grave; he that devotes his life to his country's honor will desire no greater honor himself than to breathe out his parting sigh, not amidst sorrowing relatives, but amidst the shouts of an approving and a triumphant host. Had such been Penwald's fate, the supineness of his son might have proved his degeneracy, but not his want of natural affection; but what would then have been a folly is now an offence."

"Brithmer!" cried the agitated boy, his whole frame convulsed with the excess of his emotion, "end this suspence; let me know what is required of me, and you shall see that I will not fail in my duty." "Your father's blood cries aloud for revenge on his murderer, and shall it cry in vain? Have you thus learned the duty of a son?" Guthlac relapsed his hold on the arm of the chief, which in his eagerness he had caught; a faint cry issued from his quivering lip, and he sunk on his knee. "Here is your father's sword," continued Brithmer, "it was grasped in his victorious hand, when the arm of the assassin struck him to the earth!"

Guthlac seized it. "Gracious Heaven!" cried he, still retaining his posture, and extending the weapon upwards, "hear me! never shall the sword rest in its scabbard till my father's death is avenged; on me be the penalty of the crime, if I pursue not the murderer, or visit not on his blood the dreadful deed; from this hour, I devote myself to——" "Guthlac!" exclaimed a piercing voice near him, "will you destroy your mother?" The sword fell from his grasp, he started upon his feet, and received the fainting form of his mother in his arms. Terrified at her appearance, he clung around her, and addressed her by every endearing expression that his tenderness dictated. Recovering from her momentary insensibility, she hung round his neck, and gave vent to her anguish in a flood of tears; then putting him a little way from her, she looked at him with an expression so full

of distress, that, unable to bear it, he sunk at her feet, and covering his face in her garments, remained in silence.

"Guthlac!" at length cried Tetha, "have I deserved this from you? Is it in this manner you requite my anxiety and tenderness?" "Reproach me not, my mother," exclaimed he, rising and clasping his hands beseechingly, "unless you would break the heart of your son. Heaven is my witness how dearly, how gratefully I love you, and how it grieves me to oppose the slightest wish you express; but ought I not also to respect my father's memory—ought I not to avenge his death?" "Or, in other words, to become a soldier," replied Tetha, "and thus slight the call of heaven?" "No!" replied the energetic boy, "I obey but its voice in following the dictates of my heart—no common impulse sways me—this is not the sudden inspiration of the moment," continued he, flinging himself passionately at her feet; "ever since I was capable of forming a wish, the profession of arms has been my desire; it has occupied my waking thoughts, it has been the subject of my sleeping ones. In my dreams I have been engaged in the field of battle; I have headed my father's vassals; I have heard my name resounded in the shouts of victory, and have only burst the bonds of sleep to weep at my delusion. A life of inactivity I cannot lead; make not then the existence you have given me a curse, nor condemn me to a fate at which my heart recoils."

"Oh, lady!" said Brithmer, who had hitherto stood a silent spectator of the scene, "reject not his suit—reject it not, for the sake of him to whom your faith was given, and whose wishes you know would have favored the desires of your son. In the name of Penwald then I conjure you to listen to him; it is Heaven itself that inspires the desire, and nature ratifies the request." He paused. Tetha regarded them both in silence, while her countenance indicated in the clearest manner the agony of her mind. "Speak, lady!" cried Brithmer, "and end a suspence which is painful to all." She endeavored to obey, but no word issued from her quivering lip, and laying her hand upon her heart, she again remained mute. At this moment, a voice of almost celestial melody chaunted the following words—

"Listen lady! grant his pray'r!
Angels make thy son their care."

The sweet sounds died away; in breathless silence they awaited a renewal of the strain, but awaited in vain: nothing was again heard. "My mother!" exclaimed Guthlac, "surely Heaven itself has interposed in my favor; can you refuse me now?" "I am sick at heart," faltered Tetha, "lead me away. Let me endeavour first to regain some degree of composure, and to-morrow I will speak more fully on the subject." Brithmer supported her to her apartment, at the door of which she paused, and throwing her arms round Guthlac's neck, she clasped him in silence to her bosom; then withdrawing herself from his embrace, she motioned him to retire, and without venturing again to look at him, she entered and closed the door after her. "My only parent!" cried Guthlac, almost transported beyond himself at the sight of her distress, "stay, I entreat you; forgive my request, and accept my promise never to leave you, never to oppose your wishes." Brithmer drew him hastily forward. "Peace, peace!" he exclaimed, "you know not what you are saying; a moment's weakness may cause you years of unavailing sorrow. Your mother is too pious to oppose the decree of Heaven, and it has evidently marked out to you the path you are to pursue. Retire, therefore, to rest, and endeavor in sleep to forget the agitation you have experienced." He then left him. Guthlac threw himself upon his couch; but it was long ere sleep visited his eyes; his slumbers were broken and uneasy, and at early hour he gladly left his apartment in the hope of meeting Brithmer, or at least of being able by exercise to divert the painfulness of his feelings.

Equally sleepless had Tetha passed the night. With the first dawn of morning, she dispatched a messenger to the Abbot to entreat his immediate presence. Surprised at the request, and foreboding that some evil had occurred, the good man instantly obeyed the summons; and great, indeed, was his concern at the distress in which he beheld her plunged. It was sometime, however, before he could collect the circumstances that had given rise to her distress, or succeed in calming her sufficiently to listen to his arguments and remonstrances, nor did he affect this without assuming a degree of severity foreign to his general manner. "I saw by his abstracted manner," at length she replied, in answer to the Abbot's enquiries, "that something particularly af-

fected him, and my mind instantly suggested the nature of the danger that menaced. I resolved therefore to watch him, and remained in my own room without attempting to retire to rest. I heard him open the door of his chamber, and caught the sound of his light footsteps as he descended. I followed him, and was a witness of his passionate declaration, to devote himself to the avenging of his father's death and to the profession of arms. In what manner then, oh, holy father! ought I to act? I am incapable of making any decision; for whether I comply with his request, or enforce my own desire, I equally condemn myself to misery."

"Daughter," returned the Abbot, "it is often our duty to submit to circumstances; and at best our wishes can neither retard nor accelerate the decrees of Providence. Heaven will accomplish its ends in its own manner, and will frequently from the most unpropitious circumstances draw forth the completion of its purposes. Our most innocent desires are to be indulged only to a certain degree, lest they degenerate into impatience on the one hand, and arrogance on the other. If Guthlac be really designed for that holy eminence to which we have so long believed him, it will not be in the power of his present resolution to alter the decree; and if we find we have deluded ourselves with imaginary hopes, we must reconcile ourselves with due humility to the disappointment, and call to remembrance, that if he made not a voluntary offering of his obedience his profession would be vain. My advice is then that you comply with his desire." Tetha clasped her hands together, and her countenance assumed a more deadly paleness. "Nay, daughter," continued he, in one of his mildest tones, "distress not yourself thus acutely; your Guthlac will still be safe; for remember that He alone who could make the solitary cell of St. Cuthbert a shelter for your son, can equally protect him amidst the haunts of men and in the bloody field."

The afflicted mother wept. "Pray then for me, father," she exclaimed, "pray that I may have strength to bear the trial." "My prayers shall not be wanting," replied the good man, tenderly; "but your own will be more efficacious in obtaining for you that resignation which becomes you, and while a firm trust in His mercy who has guided the infant steps of your son, and brought him safely through every

hidden snare and danger to this hour, together with a consciousness of having properly performed your own duty, will more effectually restore you to serenity and comfort, than all the arguments of the wise or the orisons of the pious." "Then be it so," sighed she, "but suffer me at least to make this proposal to him: let him remain with me two years longer, and if, at the expiration of that time he still persist in his resolution, I will make no opposition to his wishes. Is this too much for a mother to demand?"

The Abbot having fully assented to the propriety of this proposition, left her in a tolerably composed state, and now sought the youthful object of their mutual solicitude.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Handel being once in a country church, asked the organist to permit him to play the people out, to which he, of course, consented. Handel accordingly sat down and began to play in such a masterly manner, as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who instead of vacating their seats as usual, remained for a considerable space of time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient (perhaps his wife was waiting dinner), and at length addressing the performer, told him that he was convinced *he* could not play the people out, and advised him to relinquish the attempt; which being done, a few strains in the accustomed manner operated like reading the Riot-Act by immediately dispersing the audience.

GRATITUDE AND REVENGE.

AN American general who distinguished himself during the war between that country and England, was severely wounded in his foot in an engagement. Some time afterwards he went over to the English, and betrayed several secrets of importance entrusted to him by his countrymen. This so enraged them, that they declared, that if he fell into their hands, they would cut off the foot which had suffered in his country's cause, and bury it in a boot of gold, and hang him.

ESSAY,

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER IN THE FEMALE SEX, CONSIDERED AS A MORAL AND RELIGIOUS DUTY.

" What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN, *Epist. IV. l.* 167.

THE Grecian sage, when required to deliver his opinion on the maximum of government over the human temper, said, "KNOW THYSELF!"* implying, that if a person could investigate the dark recesses of his mind, so as thoroughly to be acquainted with its varied wanderings, he might safely be said to have acquired an ascendancy over his passions; for who will impute crime to a man knowing the extent of the evil?†—such a one disgraces even the epithet of a brute.

Sallust has placed man on a level with the animals, and attributes to a due and just operation of the mind that fine distinguishing mark, the government of his temper. His words are, " Omnis homines qui sese student prœstare *ceteris animalibus*, summâ ope niti decet, ne vitam silentio transeant, veluti pecora;" and he proceeds, " sed nostra omnis vis in animo et corpore sita est. Animi imperio, corporis servitio magis utimur‡." The whole chapter (which is too long for

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* Pope, in his Essay on Man, has followed this idea—

" Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study for mankind is man."

† I do not wish to be understood by this remark, that man has never committed crime "with his eyes open;" this does not form part of our present consideration. Those who are curious upon the subject will do well to consult " Beccaria on Crime," and a late excellent work on " Crimes worthy of Death," by Basil Montague, Esq. barrister at law.

‡ It behoves all who would excel *other animals* strenuously to exert themselves, lest they pass through life as the brutes—unknown; since our power lies in the *mind* and *body*. The one we use for *noble*, the other for *ignoble* purposes. R. B.

insertion) turns upon the same subject, as may be seen on reference.

If it were necessary to insist upon the government of the temper, we can resort to much higher authority, that of Holy Writ. The passage I allude to is well known, and is in effect, as follows—"He that conquereth his temper is more worthy than he that taketh a city."

Hence, without entering further upon this branch of our subject, I will proceed upon the basis already laid down to consider how far "The government of the temper in the female sex is a moral and religious duty." Duty is a debt we owe in a *religious* point of view to our Creator, *morally* to ourselves and the world at large. It would be futile, indeed, to enter into an argument upon the absolute necessity of subduing the temper; for without this virtue the mind wanders over a waste of intellect, without the bright radiance and friendly beams of reason, as a north star, to guide its course. Compare the characters of two men, the one acting under the influence of a cultivated and subordinate mind; the other wild and confused, like a garden overrun with noxious weeds; the natural consequences of the first are those benevolent virtues which dignify nature; of the latter, murder, rapine, and the long catalogue of detestable enormities, the sad consequences of sin. Can any one advocate the character of Alexander the Great, and endeavor to prove that he had gained an ascendancy over his temper? You may use all the learning and cunning of the united sophists of this learned age, but you will still be unable to advance one single fact which shall cast a lustre over his actions. The bright beams of all his boasted glory fade before the dark impetuosity of his ungovernable temper. The ray produced by first impressions is momentary, and vanishes like an untimely sunbeam before the black wintry cloud. Upon a comparative parellel are the characters of Queen Elizabeth and Mary. Although convinced I am about to advance observations somewhat contrary to public opinion, nevertheless, speaking abstractedly, and divesting ourselves of party feelings, the candid and disinterested reader will allow, that Mary, as regarded the government of her temper, had undoubtedly proceeded a step higher than Elizabeth. The principle upon which I speak is, that the conduct

of Elizabeth generally, but *particularly* towards *Mary, Queen of Scots**, evinced a more ungoverned temper than all the black and bloody deeds of Mary. We, as Protestants, feel that Mary was a public evil and a scourge, while Elizabeth we extol and hail as a saviour. The reason is obvious; yet I submit, that contrasting the characters in the light required by the subject before us, I have not failed in substantiating the observation with which I started.

We have a striking example of a mild and submissive temper in Lady Jane Grey, who, guiltless, laid her head upon the block without a murmur. The morn of her life beamed with the brightest prospects; her expectations were gilded with the dazzling appearance of a sceptre. Still brighter and more radiant was her short day of life; and her sun set, not amid clouds, but with the magnificent refulgence of an eastern sky. Her mind, tutored and acting under the impulse of religious and moral government, felt that impetuous sorrow or infidel imprecation could avail nothing when the last dread moment arrived.

Cleopatra, of Egypt, born with equal expectations, of equal acquirements, endowed with a fine and susceptible genius, living amidst the most splendid luxury, every wish provided for, almost ere it received birth in her fickle brain, every thought anticipated, every passion gratified; still the empress of the East led a different life, and presented a very different picture at her death, to the innocent Jane. The one died as she had lived, religiously subduing every rebellious desire. The other lived splendidly and died wretchedly, the victim of caprice and untamed temper.

Need I enquire the cause? It explains itself; and truly has the poet written—

"Tho' elegance herself be seen
To guide thy motion, and to form thy mien,

* The following quotation elucidates this idea—"She (Elizabeth) was of an imperious spirit, and impatient of the least opposition to her will; and the storms of passion into which she was betrayed were frequent and violent. The whole course of her behaviour to the lovely and unfortunate Queen of Scotland, is marked by female jealousy, dissimulation, perfidy, and the most unfeminine severity."—*Encyclop. Londinensis. Vol. VI. p.* 661. Witness also her conduct to the Earls of Leicester and Essex, and Secretary Davison.

Tho' beauty o'er thy filial cheek diffuse
The soft enchantment of her roseate hues,
Not from their favor shall this glory!
TEMPER shall singly gain the splendid prize."

Thus far I have argued upon general principles; I will now advance a little nearer to the subject, by examining characters in domestic life. Let us then paint in idea the joys and miseries that privately assail us,—let us endeavor to trace these opposite effects to their true source, and judge how far they affect our subject. We all observe a difference of conduct and of domestic economy in families; in one we see anarchy and confusion, in another reciprocal love and respect. Some cause, some first origin, must exist, otherwise such effects could not be produced. Watch narrowly the branches which respectively compose these families, and you will find either a woeful want of discipline, or a total disregard of it altogether; *corporeal* subordination is trifling compared to that of the *mind*. Household arrangements devolving upon the *female*, it is here that we discover the grand cause, the primary source, the axis upon which either the wheel of peace and happiness, or of discord and quarrel, revolves. It is useless to display imaginary characters to represent those of real life; it is like pointing at shadows as a bugbear to terrify infants. In the mental composition of women, there is a certain something which unfortunately

"Taints that pure source of sublunary bliss!"

It is indescribable, yet it is daily and hourly felt, and is as often lamented*. This fact is established beyond the reach of controversy, that the government of the temper is a moral and religious duty in both sexes, and perhaps more especially in the female, as women having less to contend with in life, and being less subjected to the storms of adversity, should in proportion attain an ascendancy over their tempers. Thus far as regards morality. Speaking in a religious point of view, it is an indisputable duty which we owe our Creator to restrain any thing which might conspire against his revealed commands, or tend to subvert his express autho-

* We think this requires elucidation.—En.

rity*, consequently we are bound both by the moral laws of society, and the divine injunctions of the Deity, to suppress every rising passion, and to curb every rebellious temper.

In the conduct and character of women, we expect a solace for our trials and disappointments in life; we forget the fatigues of the day in the pleasing anticipation of the evening, when we shall enjoy the society of her who the poet describes as the—

"Guide of man's reason, not his passion's prey,
She tam'd the savage, man! who blest her sway.
No jarring wishes fill'd the world with woes,
But youth was extacy, and age repose." HAYLEY.

Yes! such are the feelings which fire the bosom of youth and dissolve the frigidity of age; whether married or single, father, or child, one common sentiment inspires the sex. If, indeed, there are some exceptions, "born of another world," creatures of sensual appetite, who, lost to every tender and worthy feeling, defy the fond charm, such are misanthropes towards the better part of creation, and excite mingled sensations of pity and disgust. Thus I have attempted the delineation of what, I fear, does not come within the grasp of *my mind*—the character of women. That the government of temper is a moral and religious duty (as before stated) none can dispute; a living author has observed, that "The government of temper is a *paramount duty, without which all is in vain;*" and in another place he says, "I can give a man no credit for his principles who is not anxious about his temper*." If it were possible a doubt could have existed upon this subject, I should readily cite pages of acknowledged authority to shew the contrary; and where the argument holds good against the male, it surely will against the female, sex. The mind of woman then, devoid of subjection, is as a ship tracking its snowy path on the ocean's bosom, unguided by a pilot, and seeking its own destruction, or as a tender flower blighted in the bud. The brightest

* This is, of course, futile and impossible, yet there are some sufficiently depraved and hardened in infidelity to make the attempt.

† Lectures on Scripture Duties, by William Bengo Collyer, D. D. F. R. S. &c. page 477.

accomplishments, the most powerful genius, detract, rather than add, to mental acquirements, and verify, if it were requisite, the idea of the poet, that

" *Virtue's* an ingot of Peruvian gold,
Sense the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold;
But *Temper's* image must their use create,
And give these precious metals sterling weight.

HAYLEY.

January 30th, 1822. REGYNALDE BEAUCHAMP.

LOUIS XI.

LOUIS XI. of France, was as remarkable for the simplicity of his dress as his desire of knowledge. The greatest expense of his household was for his table, to which he invited not only the noblemen of the court, but strangers, and even merchants, from whom he might derive useful information. One of the latter, named Maitre Jean, flattered by this distinction, requested letters of nobility. The king granted them, and took no further notice of him. Maitre Jean expressed his surprise at the change in the conduct of his sovereign, whose answer is an excellent lesson to those who prefer titles to personal merit:—" Monsieur le gentilhomme," said he, " when I gave you a seat at my table, I regarded you as the first in your station; now you are the last, and I should injure others were I still to confer that honor upon you.

VOLTAIRE'S HIST. OF FRANCE.

MR. ELWES.

THE notorious Mr. Elwes travelling on horseback with a friend to Newmarket, led the way up the steep bank of the Devil's Ditch. On reaching the other side, the gentleman exclaimed, " Thank God! we are safe." " Thank God!" returned Mr. Elwes, " we have saved three-halfpence." " What!" said his friend, " is it possible that you have chosen this way and another exists?" " Certainly," he replied; " yonder is the turnpike-gate; but we must have paid three-halfpence."

THE LOST FALCON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 271.)

RUDOLPH was too fatigued to remain long awake; but the rising sun found Albrecht still pacing the chamber with agitated step and disordered air; he confessed that he had wandered about the house during the whole night, and that only the earnest entreaties of Christallina, and her repeated threats of never seeing him again, prevented his approaching her chamber. "God be praised!" cried Rudolph; and after a friendly expostulation, he succeeded in showing him his yesterday's mad conduct, in a proper light, and was at last delighted to see his remonstrances take a salutary effect on the disturbed mind of Albrecht. He threw himself on his bosom, and so far perceived and repented his thoughtless levity, that he was even willing to give up his dear falcon, rather than fulfil his engagement of yesterday. The appearance of the loathsome old woman who brought in their breakfast, served to strengthen his resolution. "Good God!" cried he, "that such a wretch was within an ace of becoming my mother-in-law." They were, however, disquieted by the thought that Christallina might keep him to his promise, and were considering the best method of evading it: but their fears on that head were misplaced; for the old woman soon re-appeared, to their surprise, arrayed after her fashion, in sumptuous apparel. She told them she came from her daughter, who awaited them, either to fulfil her engagement with Albrecht, or to give him back his promise; for she thought it wise to avoid precipitancy in such an affair. Overjoyed at these assurances, and from such a quarter, they followed her to the grotto, from whence her daughter came forth to meet them. Her appearance the evening before was but a faint reflection of the lustre her beauty and celestial figure shed around at present. And as her ruby lips opened, and her dark swimming eye, the true pledge of love and ardent passion, flashed on Albrecht, his cousin saw at once all his new-formed resolves consumed in that glance. "Handsome stranger!" said she, whilst a smile of ineffable

brightness, that lit up the whole of her lovely countenance, played on her lips, "I owe, perhaps, your promise of yesterday to the earnest desire you expressed of obtaining your favorite. My love for you knows no bounds, and it therefore requires a love as ardent and sincere in return. I require all, or nothing! Go, sweet stranger, leave me, and let me see you no more, or be wholly mine for ever!" "Your's in life, your's until death!" cried Albrecht, prostrating himself before the beauteous girl. She raised and pressed him passionately in her arms; then slowly lifting her lovely eyes, depressed from a sense of her open confession, they suffused a beam of joy and happiness, over Albrecht's manly countenance, that seemed almost divine. The old woman then said to Rudolph, in a tone that bore a strong resemblance to Christallina's, "Man, be thou witness of the blessing I deal to this pair;" so saying, she placed her hands upon both their heads, exclaiming, "Woe be to them and their's that turn my blessing to a curse!" Rudolph stood petrified, for she spoke the last words in so dreadful a tone, that even Albrecht started from Christallina's arms to gaze upon her, and the glance that met his, gave rise to such an inward sensation of horror, that his trembling frame could scarcely support him. But the soft and enchanting sound of Christallina's voice soon re-assured him. "Now," said she, "youth of my soul! you shall have your redeemed falcon,—go and bring him, mother." She went, and returned with the bird on her hand. Albrecht burst forth into an extravagant cry of joy at the sight of his long-lost darling, and when he had secured him on his wrist, fondled him with expressions that proved how delighted he was at having at last attained the object of his tedious search.

It now became every moment a matter of greater wonder how these two beings, in this uninhabited wild, should possess all the articles of comfort to be met with in civilized society. "Who are you?" asked Albrecht, "and how do you live in this lone place?" "Those, my love," replied Christallina, "are short questions that require long answers. My birth-place is now no more of this world; the waves of the northern ocean, on which it was for some time borne, have received it in its depths again. As to any further intelligence, you must have patience until a fitter opportunity."

Albrecht then began to think of returning to the castle; and upon offering to take Christallina with him, "No," said she, "go to your home, and think of me. Come as often as you please to me; but I cannot live with you in your habitations; it would only serve to remind me of a still greater splendor I am doomed to miss." A look from Albrecht seemed to ask an explanation; but she shook her head and left them.

The old woman now led the way; at times winding through thick underwoods, at others cut through by mountain torrents that came tumbling down from their sources, dashing their foam from rock to rock, at once impeding their progress, and rendering it unsafe. Albrecht, quite out of patience, asked their conductress, if she knew no better road. "Not by day," said she; "but I will be at the castle-gate with my lantern, every night at nine o'clock." "At the castle?" cried Albrecht; "why, woman, you know not its distance from hence." "Fear not," replied she, a ghastly smile overspreading her haggard features, "those who are well acquainted with the path as I am, will easily find the way." So saying, she left them to pursue their route alone. They gazed long in wonder after the mysterious hag, and neither seemed willing to interrupt the silence that reigned around.

When they arrived at the hut where they had intended to sleep, all its inhabitants participated in their joy at the recovery of the beloved falcon, although much astonished at their nightly ramble in those unfrequented parts. "You ought to bless your stars," observed an old peasant, "that you have escaped without danger; with many it is otherwise: and those who are lucky there may easily lose their road to salvation." "Do you know with any certainty what is likely to befal one there?" enquired Albrecht, a deadly paleness overshadowing his fine countenance. "I know nothing, nor wish I to know any thing," replied the peasant. They now took up their guns, and left the cottage. The conversation that had passed there, did not seem calculated to restore the young men's gaiety; and Albrecht had at most but a few words for his falcon. At length, seizing Rudolph by the arm, he exclaimed, deeply agitated, "Friend of my soul! could it have happened otherwise?" What could Ru-

dolph answer, when he remembered well his own feelings at the time Albrecht's resolution vanished before Christallina's superhuman beauty.

They now arrived at the castle to the great joy of their friends, who began to entertain some fears as to their safety. Albrecht became from this time quite a different man; and it required an explanation, such as Rudolph alone could give, to account for the sudden change in his behaviour, and to comprehend how his former youthful gaiety could, in the eyes of his friends and the world, be superseded by that gloominess of spirit that now sat so heavily upon him. He soon began to suspect that the falcon from the hills was not his own, although the falconer, glad to escape the well-merited blame for its loss, persisted in its identity. Albrecht was himself at first of the same opinion; but he became every day more doubtful. He insisted that the falcon had at times something so terrific about him, that he was obliged to turn from him and his maddening gaze to escape contagion. He was now nearly always absent from the castle alone. The neighbors had of late remarked the old lantern-carrier, and being all more or less given to superstition, they argued no good from such an appearance. After some time had elapsed Albrecht seemed partly to have regained his wonted cheerfulness, although his time was still divided between his hawks and hounds; but his present joy had a something about it that nearly bordered on madness, while his usual confidence was entirely withdrawn from Rudolph.

One day, on his return from the chase, he threw his arms round his cousin's neck, crying, "Friend, and more than brother, I have proved myself unworthy of your friendship by the most abominable connections; but my unhappy lot still entitles me to count upon the pity of a relation. I have now for some time past resolved to break those dreadful ties, that most unholy spell. Christallina still persists in concealing her birth and parentage from me, and remains by her first account of the sunken island, telling me, her father was a prince who sought refuge there from misfortunes. Whether this be true or not, I cannot take upon myself to determine; but I must ever look upon her and the old hag who stands in her service, as two awfully mysterious beings. Her beauty is every day new, and that it is which serves

to distract me; for although her features visibly change, they still retain that fascination, which first allured me from my duty; but since yesterday, I hold her in such utter abhorrence, that I am resolved never to see her again." "Then," said Rudolph, "I fear you must have discovered something that gives you reason to hold the peasant's tales concerning her not altogether unfounded?" "It is but too true," replied Albrecht; "but there is a dark and fearful veil drawn over all that relates to her, and, woe to me! I am but too deeply entangled in the mazes of her hellish mysteries; but," added he, springing up, "I dare not repeat them." After these words, Albrecht went to the falconry. In a short time, Rudolph's attention was attracted by a loud triumphant laugh. He went to the window, and found it proceeded from Albrecht. He was staring at the falcon he held in his hand with an infuriated eye, while the animal at his last gasp, and bleeding from a wound he had inflicted, appeared to return his gaze with equal fierceness; he dashed his murdered favorite to the ground, and rushing into the room, exultingly exclaimed, "Thank God, I have now one demon less to deal with!" To such a burst of seeming frenzy, Rudolph had nothing to reply. As they stood together by the window, the falcon still stirred beneath the grass, when Albrecht put an end to his sufferings, by ordering him to be covered with a large stone. What occasioned the greatest astonishment, was, that the old lantern-carrier did not appear that night at the castle; they began to suspect she must be acquainted with the death of the falcon, and on that account remained absent. Evening succeeded evening, and the old hag came not. The violence exercised upon the bird, seemed to have broken all the former ties that existed between Albrecht and the inhabitants of the lonely hut. He considered himself now entirely free from their power, and that his present abode might not awaken any unpleasant sensations with respect to his former unhappy connexion, as also with the hope, that change of scene might tend to obliterate those recent circumstances from his mind, he determined upon leaving Rudolph's castle for his own domains immediately. From thence he often corresponded with the Count, and in one of his letters, acquainted him with his intention of espousing a cousin of his, for whom he had long cherished an affection.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

The following was presented by a friend of mine to a dignitary of the church, who is no less remarkable for the general urbanity of his character, than for his strenuous exertions in whatever is conducive to the public good, on the occasion of his having expressed a great dislike of patchwork. If it is of any service to you, I shall feel myself honored, And am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

———.

TO THE REV. THE * * OF ———.

The humble Memorial, Address, or whatsoever it may be called, of Dorcas Patchwork, Spinster.

I am afraid I shall incur a charge of presumption in thus daring to address you; but that which should have taught me silence—a consideration founded on an intimate knowledge of your character—encourages me to present myself before you. Ah! sir, you are kind to every one who has the happiness to approach you but me; though a mute, I am not an inattentive observer, and many instances of goodness and benevolence are fresh in my recollection, though doubtless they have escaped your's, which would, if repeated, fully substantiate the truth of what I say. Why then should you be severe to me? Why should you load me with invectives which I trust I do not deserve; and pursue a degree of cruelty towards me which experience has fully convinced me is as foreign to your nature as your practice? Ah! why should I alone be the object of your scorn, opprobrium, and reproach? Yet such is the case; you have injured me and deeply—how deeply, the present extraordinary effort may convince you, since the keen sense of my wrongs has burst the restrictions of nature, and given me powers which were never assigned me. Yes! I whose only weapon has hitherto been a needle, now wield a pen; true, indeed, my wit may not be so sharp as my former little auxilliaries, nor

the thread of my discourse so nicely preserved as I have been in the habit of doing; but as the former have lost much of their goodness since the decease of our good Queen Charlotte, (who was a warm patronizer of me and my assistants,) and the sewing cotton, in spite of the patent granted it, is far from being so strong as it was when it obtained that distinction, some allowance, perhaps, may be made for my loss of brightness and my encrease of weakness. Deign then, sir, to listen to me; pardon my presumption, and divesting yourself of your former prejudices, let my representations induce you, if not to alter your opinion, at least to express it for the future with less acrimony.

Long have I exercised the ingenuity of her whose best pleasure has ever been to contribute to your happiness, and whose only motive in cherishing me has been to complete that system of usefulness, which originated in yourself. Surely then some consideration was due to me on that account! surely, for her sake, you might have been more lenient towards me; but, alas! the sound of your dislike still rings in my ear, and convinces me that it is in vain to look for justice or perfection in any one who wears the human form, and that merit, unobtrusive as mine, must often expect to be overlooked and undervalued by the most discerning and the best.

I would blush, for I admire to see others do so, but I have so long been accustomed to wear such various complexions, that I fear it would not be perceived, even if I could command such a symptom of modesty, but really it is very painful to be thus obliged to repeat my own praises. Necessity, however, compels the deed, and the offence, honored sir, is not so much mine as your's, who made such a necessity indispensible. For many years have I given employment to the infant semptress; from me many a feeble finger has been initiated into the most useful of all female arts, and one from which no trifling share of your own satisfaction arises. Many a truant eye has been caught by my gay assemblage of colors, and from admiring, have learned to imitate me. Dismiss then your antipathy, and see in me the first dawnings of neatness and housewifery! Oh! read in me the comfort of many a future husband, and of many a future race. You love the good old order of things, and are, you

know, a decided enemy to all innovations—allow me then to remind you, that your grandmothers, through many generations, have delighted in me; nay, I doubt not but your own infant limbs have been wrapped in a coverlid of my manufacture. I am, indeed, an heir-loom in every family remarkable for neatness, and, forgive me, sir, my claims to your consideration are almost orthodox. Banish me not, therefore, from your circle, nor hastily lend your assistance to those who would willingly deprive you of all your former habits and privileges, and who, in their rage for reformation, would destroy all that is valuable, and leave no wreck behind but bitter remembrance, to point out the superiority of blessings which wickedness and folly have robbed you of for ever.

Thus far, sir, I have ventured to assume the language of a supplicant only; for I would much more gladly owe my acquittal to your goodness, than to your justice; but lest I should fail in gaining my point, a just regard to myself urges me to exert a more forcible tone. Conviction and experience bid me affirm that I am of far greater consequence than you suppose, and that instead of being the despicable being you consider me, the mere occupier of idle hours or infant fingers, all ranks in society, from the monarch on his throne to the beggar on the highway, are followers of me, agents of my will, and workers of my plans—nay, the universe itself is but a masterpiece of *patchwork*. Upon his sleepless couch the sovereign projects many a scheme for the welfare or aggrandizement of his people. His harrassed minister at the same time proposes plan after plan; in his own imagination he adjusts, curtails, arranges his materials, tries the agreement of this, or the probable consequence and bearings of that scheme, and when he has finally settled every thing as he believes for the best, he acknowledges with a sigh, which is echoed by his royal master, "It is but a *patchwork* piece of business after all." The hero on the field, and the diplomatist in the cabinet, equally pursue my method. The former selects his centre with care, and flanks it with his most approved forces; he forms half and solid squares, concealing the weakness of the one side by the imposing strength of the other; and though his pieces are divided and dispersed, he still preserves uniformity in the whole. The latter

prepares the treaty which he intends shall stamp his own fame, and heal all differences and dissentions; but when he commences his task, a strange medley appears before him: prejudices and ancient feuds, public interests, and private piques, jealousies, and doubts, lie in an incongruous mass, and in vain he endeavors to reconcile them. Scarcely any two pieces present a connecting side. Triangular or quadrangular, pentagonal or hexagonal, heptagonal or octagonal, they defy his art; and after many months' patient labor, though a Wellington conquer, or a Castlereagh negociate, they are obliged to call me to their aid, when I at length produce the fruit of their united energies as a deed of my own—a piece of *patchwork.*

But to descend to more humble stations. The lawyer with his affirmations and denials, his inexplicable mixture of truth and falsehood, his bold display of leading facts, his artful suppression of minor ones, his nice *fittings in* of parts which to others seem to have no possible bearings, prove he is an adept in my art; while the sons of Galen and Esculapius every day give equal evidence of a like proficiency. As the solemn physician slips his gilded fee into his ample pocket, and congratulates his patient on his recovery, he feels a secret exultation in his own mind, which he thus shortly communicates, in a whisper, to his less promptly remunerated brother, "It is all very well, my good friend; don't be discouraged, there is enough for us both to do yet; after all, we have made but a patchwork kind of business of it." Nor think, sir, that you and your brethren must entirely escape observation; for you are in reality no more exempt from obligations to me than those whom I have enumerated. Are not your finest discourses (I speak with all due humility) but specimens of patchwork; the gleanings of many an anxious day's study, and often the fruit of learning "bought with heavy price," skilfully arranged and adjusted to present exigences? I am grown bold, and like others who have first tried the strength of their wings, I shall probably soar only to my own destruction; but I feel disposed to moralize as well as satirize. Suffer me to ask *you*, sir, *in particular*, whose knowledge of what a christian ought to be, and whose experience will best inform you what he is, if I am not right when I say, that the character of the most

perfect follower of your holy faith, is formed on my own model entirely? Will you not confess, that when such a man as I allude to looks back on the course of his days, few and evil, long and happy, as they may have been, and beholds the train of weaknesses and merits, inclinations and passions alternately subdued or conquered, vices and virtues, hopes and fears, that the retrospect displays, he has not ample cause to acknowledge, that the best life is but a continued tissue of patchwork, bright and glowing, indeed, in some of its colors, but sullied and faded in others.

I must now retire to that silence which habit has made sweet to me, and which is most natural to my sex. I am unused to plead, and I fear to offend by improper encroachments; true, however, to my name, I have, as usual, produced a piece of patchwork; but one, I hope, which will not encrease your dislike to me: nay rather, I humbly trust it will induce you spare me for the future, if not to regard me with some degree of complacency. Destroy not then the pleasing anticipation; but henceforth suffer me to enjoy in peace my honored distinction in your family circle, a silent contributor to general usefulness, and a participator of general kindness.

I am, rev. sir,
With the utmost respect,
Your obedient and most humble servant,
DORCAS PATCHWORK.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME AND THE PRESENT.

IF we may credit a court-wit of Queen Elizabeth's time, the fopperies of that day nearly equalled those of the present. He thus describes them:—"Wee use much bombast and quiltings to seem better formed, broader shouldered, smaller waisted, and fuller thighed, than wee bee; wee barbe and shave often, to seeme younger than wee bee; wee use perfumes, both inward and outward, to seeme sweeter than wee bee; corked shoes, to seeme taller than wee be; use courteous expressions, to seeme kinder than wee bee; lowly obeyances, to seeme humbler; and sometimes grave and godly communication, to seeme wiser and devouter than wee bee."

MARIAN MELFORT;

A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.

(Continued from page 258.)

It was eight o'clock when I arrived at ——; but the day had not quite closed in, and I was the better enabled to find out the place of my husband's confinement. With my youngest child in my arms, I hurried through the streets, then thronged with cheerful passengers, for the weather had cleared up, and most of the inhabitants were eager to repair to their usual place of resort, to recruit themselves after the fatigue of business, and enjoy the social converse of their acquaintance. It is probable that I attracted little notice, yet I fancied almost every eye was turned on me as I passed, and I imagined that the anxiety and distress depicted on my countenance excited more ridicule than commiseration. There was, perhaps, something theatrical in my air which did not escape observation, for I had given full scope to the powers of imagination during my solitary peregrination, and pictured to myself the surprise and rapture which Melfort would experience when my sudden and unannounced appearance should convince him that my affection for him was still powerful enough to induce me to forego every temporary advantage, and to stifle every selfish consideration at the call of duty. With a throbbing heart and faltering accents, I enquired for my husband at the prison-gate. The turnkey eyed me attentively, and turning to a man who stood at his side, said, in a sort of whisper loud enough to hear, "This young lady wants Melfort; shew her in; and mind you behave civilly, you dog; for she is a different guess sort of a body from some of our visitors, I can see with half an eye." The man gave a knowing nod of acquiescence, and preceded me through a long narrow passage, and up a flight of steps which led into a gallery, at the end of which was a large room, the door of which he threw open, without using the ceremony of knocking, and merely saying in a rough way, "Master Melfort, you be wanted," closed the door abruptly, and retreated, leaving me just

within the entrance, transfixed with astonishment at the scene which presented itself, so different was it from what I had prepared myself to expect. Instead of finding Melfort the disconsolate and solitary occupant of a gloomy cell, as my fancy had anticipated, I now beheld him seated at a large table, not brilliantly illuminated it is true, nor luxuriously supplied, but surrounded by a set of boisterous companions, some of whom were drinking, some smoking, and others playing at different games, while he was himself amusing them by singing a Bacchanalian song, in the chorus of which all their voices discordantly joined. My entrance caused an immediate pause, and Melfort perceiving me, sprang from his chair, and embraced me affectionately. Overcome by feelings I am unable to describe, but in which it is certain that disappointment and shame had a predominant share, I was almost ready to faint, and sank on the nearest seat without power to articulate a word.

"It is my *wife*, gentlemen," said Melfort, with peculiar emphasis, and immediately several of the men who had surrounded my chair, retreated to a more respectful distance. "You seem fatigued, Marian," he resumed, turning to me, "I did not expect you so soon; but you are a good girl for coming at all; it is more than I deserved. Nay now, why these tears? what is passed cannot be helped; you must keep up your spirits, child."

The men were now conversing apart, and soon after, the greatest number, which were those who, as I afterwards learnt, had separate rooms, retired. Melfort then informed me, that the rules of the prison required that all visitors should depart at nine o'clock; and enquired, if I had provided myself a lodging; to which I, with great simplicity, replied, that I came with the intention of remaining with him. He smiled. "That would not be permitted," said he, besides this is the room which I share in common with six others, not having the means of providing myself with better accommodation; but I hope, Marian, you are not quite so badly off? the old girl has lent you a helping hand, I dare say, as you are such a prodigious favorite." There was a degree of levity and insensibility in his manner which shocked and alarmed my feelings, and was so very different from the style of his letter, that I could not help replying in a tone

of ill-suppressed indignation—"Mrs. Crawford is entitled to my warmest respect and gratitude, and I cannot bear to hear even you, Melfort, speak of her slightingly;—but where is Rosa; I long to see her; I hope she has not quite forgotten me. I expected to have found her with you." "Why," returned Melfort with a sigh, "this is no place for her, as you see; but she comes every day; and I hope you will be able to get a lodging where she is. The mother of one of my fellow prisoners has a house in the next street, and she has been very good to Rosa, I assure you. I have often talked to her about her little brother. How the boy sleeps! I have hardly had a peep at him yet." As he spoke, he stooped down to kiss the child, and this action again revived my almost-drooping heart; for I had suffered a vague apprehension to steal into my mind, that Mrs. Crawford's suggestions were not so unfounded as my romantic affection had encouraged me to believe. Melfort then addressing one of the persons who remained in the room by the name of Wilson, requested, as a favor, that he would conduct me to the house of the old lady he had before spoken of, and solicit her to allow me to lodge with her, for that night at least. With this request the man, who was elderly and of a respectable appearance, readily complied; and we departed together. During our short walk, the following dialogue passed between us:—

Wilson. "I think, Mrs. Melfort, from what I observed in your manner this evening, that you were never in the common-room of a prison before?"

"You are right, sir; and I had certainly pictured to myself a much more gloomy scene, though perhaps one that would have better accorded with my own feelings."

Wilson. "I can imagine that; but, my dear madam, the thing is in itself bad enough, and if the poor creatures did not now and then find the means of keeping up their spirits, it would be hard indeed."

"I should think it required great familiarity with distress to treat it so lightly: situated as Melfort is, I was not prepared to find him so much at his ease."

Wilson. "He has an exuberant flow of spirits; and I believe finds his account in occasionally entertaining the company;

but you must not infer from thence, that he has not his serious moments; I have seen him very low and dejected.'

"From an observation made by the turnkey, I have reason to suppose that persons of no very reputable character are sometimes admitted to the prisoners."

Wilson. "I believe that to be the case; but I can assure you, I never witnessed or heard of any impropriety in your husband's conduct."

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir, for thus setting my mind at ease; for I must own I was induced to entertain doubts of a most painful nature."

We had now reached the door of the house to which I had been directed, and I had the satisfaction of finding that I could be accommodated with a lodging. Mr. Wilson then civilly took leave, and left me to take possession of my new abode. Having clasped my little Rosa in my arms, and entreated Mrs. Owen to let her be my companion for the night, I retired to rest comparatively happy; and the next morning at an early hour repaired to the prison with a hot and comfortable breakfast for my husband. He seemed highly gratified by my attention, and laughed with his usual thoughtless glee at the whimsical distress I had exhibited the evening before. "Now tell me honestly, Marian," said he, "what sort of a scene had you prepared yourself to encounter; or shall I describe it for you?—A miserable dirty cell with some straw in a corner, on which your poor Melfort was to be found reclining in squallid wretchedness, 'with hair unkempt and beard unshaven.' At sight of his tender, forgiving wife, he rises from his recumbent posture—rushes forward—overturns his pitcher of water—and throws himself at her feet—embraces her knees—and calls her an angel of mercy! Overcome by the sweetest emotion, she falls into his extended arms in an alarming swoon; he looks round in vain for help—the pitcher, you know, was previously upset—he wipes the water from the floor with his handkerchief, and wrings it on her fair forehead!!" Melfort could not proceed any farther for laughing, and I felt myself unable to refrain from joining in it, even at my own expence, and replied with some humor—"Perhaps, I had imagined something like what you describe, though you have certainly given

full scope to your talent of caricaturing; however, I had little idea of seeing you the Macheath of such a party; had I been aware of it, you know, I might have studied the part of Lucy or Polly for the occasion." "My gentle Polly ever," he replied kindly, and thus having by good humored raillery prevented my treating the subject seriously, it was dropped, and gave way to matters of more importance. Melfort now assured me, that he should be at liberty in the course of five or six weeks, as he meant to take the benefit of the act, and that if we could contrive to save up a little money in that time, he would try his fortune in America, where theatrical abilities met with great encouragement. At first I expressed the utmost repugnance to the measure; but he gradually succeeded in overcoming my scruples, and drew such a flattering picture of the comforts we should be enabled to secure to ourselves by our joint talents, that I ceased to make any objection.

In consequence of a cold which I had caught in my journey to ——, my cough and pain in the side returned with great violence, yet I was indefatigable in my exertions, and so fearful of expending the little sum I had brought with me that I would not apply for medical advice. I laid out a small sum in the purchase of fancy materials, with which I fabricated a number of ornamental articles, and by means of my landlady's recommendation, was enabled to dispose of them to advantage, and thus contrived not only to keep myself and children upon the produce of my little manufactures, but had the satisfaction of adding a trifle to our fund, which I trusted would, by the time of my husband's liberation, be sufficient for the expences of our projected emigration; but, alas! new disappointments, new distresses, awaited me. My complaint which I had hitherto treated only as a slight cold, rapidly assumed all the most alarming symptoms of pulmonary consumption, and, although the projected sea-voyage might probably be attended with beneficial effects, I was too ill at the time of Melfort's enlargement to hazard the experiment. The gentleman who had proposed the scheme to Melfort, and had very liberally undertaken to defray the charge of his passage, was obliged to depart at a fixed period, and was anxious for him to accompany

him, while Melfort, solicitous only on my account, would have declined availing himself of the generous offer rather than leave me under the doubly oppressive weight of sickness and sorrow. Unwilling that he should neglect such a favorable opportunity, and fearful that he might thereby miss an advantageous engagement, I affected a degree of cheerfulness which I was far from feeling, and urged him to depart with a promise that I would follow as soon as my strength would permit, and succeeded in persuading him that I was much better than I was in reality. Our parting was sorrowful on both sides; Melfort feared I was deceiving him, and I well knew that I was; but his natural buoyancy of spirits led him ever to hope for the best; and I will do him the justice to believe, that he would on no account have left me, had he not flattered himself with the hope, that our separation would be but a temporary one. All my fortitude, however, forsook me when I had no longer a powerful motive for exertion, and for several weeks I was unable to quit my chamber.

(To be continued.)

KING JAMES II.

A VERY abusive satire in verse, being brought to King James, as he was hearing the passages read, he repeatedly exclaimed, that if there were no more men in England the rogue should hang for it. At length after all the railing, finding it conclude with these lines—

"Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears!"

he was so pleased with them, that he burst into laughter, and cried out, "By my soul! so thou shalt for me: thou art a bitter knave, but a witty one." D. E.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

LETTERS TO RICHARD HEBER, Esq. M. P.; containing Critical Remarks on the Series of Novels, beginning with "Waverly," and an Attempt to ascertain their Author. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 317. Rodwell and Martin. 1822.

WHETHER the design of the author be of sufficient importance to demand no less than three hundred and seventeen pages of elaborate argument and curious research, or whether the respectable talents employed in the "Attempt," may not have shone in a more worthy department of literature, the most curious may, perhaps, best decide. The object in question, however, seems to have been considered of consequence by the writer; and he has certainly manifested a proportionate degree of application; united, indeed, in some instances, with acute discernment and judicious criticism. Public decision has long attributed to the pen of Sir Walter Scott the anonymous productions mentioned by Mr. Heber's correspondent. The propriety of such a decision, as founded in positive truth, the author of these letters endeavors to prove by evidence arising from the characteristic qualities distinguishing the acknowledged works of that eminent writer. To be at great pains in order to prove a circumstance universally admitted, may be deemed neither very necessary, nor very wise; but probably the undertaking itself may be more difficult than is generally supposed. And thus it appears in the volume before us. It must be granted, that general opinion is too often built on premises utterly vague and superficial, which a close and well-conducted scrutiny destroys; but not without the united energies of knowledge, skill, and assiduity. Not submitting to an opinion merely on account of its universality, the letter-writer has pursued an extensive course of inquiry, with a view to convince the public that the generally received opinion concerning the identity of the author of "Marmion," with the writer of the esteemed productions enumerated as proceeding also from his pen, is perfectly correct. An opinion is

easily imbibed, but not so easily justified. Of this the writer was aware, and accordingly, he has spared no labor in his collection of evidence. In fact, he has produced a superabundance, which in some respects, certainly tend to weaken rather than establish some of his positions of argument. We fear, that his zeal in the undertaking has induced him to lay too much stress on such circumstantial evidence as is applicable to every production of eminent talent equally with those in question. But for the most part, the subject is prosecuted in a sensible and judicious manner; and they who think the main point avowed by the writer worth such an inquiry, cannot but be pleasingly entertained and gratified by the present volume, while perused in the character of a critical analysis, it may be not only interesting, but profitable to every description of readers. The following argument must be considered forcibly conclusive by every one acquainted with the popular writings to which it alludes:—

"There remains one fact to be noticed," says the author, "which even if unconnected with any point in the poet's individual character, would yet, on the general principles of human action, accord so precisely with the supposition of his being the unknown novelist, that I cannot forbear adding it to the proofs already adduced. How is it to be explained, that the author of Waverly has taken occasion in his writings to make honorable mention of almost every distinguished cotemporary poet, except the Minstrel of the Border? The answer is obvious; he could not do so, because he was himself that minstrel; and a man of ingenuous mind will shrink from publishing a direct commendation of his own talent, although he may feel confident that the eulogy will never be traced home. It would be endless to enumerate particularly the extracts from living poets, and the allusions to their writings, which abound in almost all the novels: Campbell, 'the Bard of Hope,' is frequently quoted; Lord Byron more than once; 'honest Crabbe,' 'our moral teacher,' 'our English Juvenal,' is perpetually alluded to, and with manifest fondness. James Hogg contributes a stanza; several verses are borrowed from Wordsworth, and one passage in his ballad is pointed out as containing a beautiful expression of feeling; Coleridge is often cited, and is distinguished by name

as 'the most imaginative of our modern bards;' he 'of the laurel wreath,' receives a tribute of deserved admiration, and Joanna Baillie, 'our immortal Joanna Baillie,' is spoken of with a mixture of literary and national enthusiasm, as honorable to the man of taste and feeling as characteristic of the true-hearted Caledonian. Yet, strange to say, neither national affection, nor admiration of a genius, at least not inferior to the brightest our generation has produced, nor the necessary sympathy between two minds exactly similar in constitution and habits, engrossed with the same objects, and devoted to the same pursuits, has induced the novelist in any part of his works to bestow a single complimentary phrase on the author of Marmion. Once, indeed, in the title-page of Guy Mannering, we are presented with four uninteresting lines, said to be taken from the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and once in the same novel, and again in the introduction to The Monastery, that poem is drily, not to say ungraciously, alluded to; but the writer is never mentioned by name. This is the more remarkable, as there does not exist a poet whose works would have supplied quotations more congenial to the spirit, and germane to the business of almost every chapter in these novels."

TWILIGHT HOURS IMPROVED; or, The Visit to Grandmamma. By the Author of "Affection's Gift." Small 12mo. Baldwin and Co. 1821.

This little work, evidently intended to encourage sentiments of piety and humanity, may be esteemed a useful addition to the juvenile library. We could wish, however, that the style in some parts, was less flowery; and perhaps judicious parents and guardians may deem some passages as bordering on the romantic, and calculated to excite expectations of praise, which children may seldom, if ever realize in other circles than that of home.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES on the Improvement of the Mind, and the Conduct of Life. By the Rev. Thomas Broadhurst. Third edition. 8vo. Nunn. 1822.

As intended for intellectual and moral improvement, we cannot but wish this work extensive circulation: at the same time, it is not altogether such a production as the

critic, or the experienced reader may expect from a divine, whose advantages of observation and suggestion might be supposed superior to many others, as we are informed by the Introduction, that Mrs. Broadhurst has a ladies' school at Bath. The observations on epistolary correspondence are good. In his advice, the author is not so happy in his manner and style, as in his subjects. The second lecture would perhaps afford additional advantage, by a specification of some useful books appropriate to the readings and studies recommended. It is a desirable volume for perusal, and may be suitably encouraged in that sphere especially for which it is designed, although by no means thus necessarily limited.

OLD STORIES; by Miss Spence, author of "A Traveller's Tale," &c. &c. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

These volumes are dedicated to Mrs. Myddleton Biddulph, the present possessor of Chirk Castle. They are written with spirit and taste; the beautiful scenery of North Wales is finely displayed; and the characters are exceedingly well drawn. That of the lady, (Edelfrida Griffiths) whom the hero meets with on his entrance into Wales, is a model of female excellence. We admire her sincerity to her friend, her sensibility and judgment in society, her refined taste, and ultimately her choice of a husband, by which she fully proved she was able to appreciate what is most conducive to real happiness.

The story of Elwyna and Owen (or Llewelyn) is very well described; the feelings are very highly interested in this tale, as to the fate of the hero and heroine; but after a series of tragical events, we have the pleasure to find them united, and enjoying all the happiness congenial dispositions, with an elegant competency, can bestow on minds firmly and ardently attached and unshaken under the severest trials.

Kynaston's Cave is the third story: it is very amusing, and gives a fine descrition of the ancient hospitality of the country. We are struck with the change in Sir Humphry Kynaston's life and manners. Although he lived so many years ago, the effect of improper company and gay habits, are as well shown, as if the story related referred to a recent subject. We have been much entertained by a perusal of these volumes, and we recommend them with confidence and pleasure as being well worthy the attention of our fair readers.

ARTHUR MONTEITH; a moral Tale. Being a continuation of the Scottish Orphans. By Mrs. Blackford. 12mo. Wetton and Jarvis.

It is with pleasure that we announce the sequel to the tale we so warmly recommended to our readers in our number for January. We then promised ourselves much gratification from its continuance, and we have not been disappointed. Mrs. Blackford has fully verified the good opinion we had formed of her abilities, and as such, leaves us only to repeat our former sentiments of approbation, and to assure her, that we shall be happy to renew our acquaintance with her as soon, and as frequently, as she is disposed to favor us with her productions. We understand it is her intention shortly to publish a novel of some length.

IN THE PRESS.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE. This interesting work, which is expected to appear in the course of the ensuing month, is very similar in style to the entertaining Life of Johnson, by Boswell. It consists almost entirely of Napoleon's own remarks in his own words, written down at the moment, during three years of the most unrestrained communication, and furnishes, in a way that could probably never have been anticipated, details of all the remarkable events of his life, public and private—characters of his ministers and generals—state secrets of the various courts of Europe—the developement of his foreign and domestic policy—anecdotes of his campaigns, and indeed illustrations of most of the extraordinary occurrences and persons which have astonished the world during the last half century, in a style which carries with it its own evidence, and is sustained by facts known only to the distinguished individual by whom they were related. His death has removed the delicacy which naturally restained the publisher during his life-time—the observations of such a man belong to posterity.

THE MORNING AND EVENING SACRIFICE; or, Prayers for Private Persons and Families.

THE BOOK OF FATE, formerly in the possession of Napoleon Bonaparte, and found in his cabinet after the Battle of Leipsic, is now translated from the German, and will be published in the course of this month.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR MAY, 1822.

His Majesty during the last month has been much busied in his cabinet and other ministerial departments preparatory to a recess, but he is on the eve of leaving Carlton-palace for his cottage at Windsor, from whence he will honor Ascott-heath races with his presence, accompanied by his illustrious visitors from Denmark, and a train of nobility. A new and most elegant stand has been erected on the race-course, with lower apartments as a permanent residence for the domestics who are to have the charge of the building, and most liberal orders were some time since issued as to its accommodation and arrangements. After the races his Majesty will return to town, and some splendid entertainments will be given on account of the Prince and Princess of Denmark, who have taken up their residence in Wimpole-street, in a private manner; royal carriages, &c. have been offered, but politely declined, it being their wish to avoid all ostentation and regal form. The Prince has visited several of our public buildings and establishments, and expressed the highest admiration at their appearance.—The Princess has a very affable and courteous demeanour, a considerable knowledge of the English language, and is passionately fond of music, for which she has a fine ear. From the arrangements spoken of, together with other circumstances, we are led to believe that the King has resigned all thoughts of the projected continental tour, at least for the present year.

A political fracas at the commencement of last month terminated in a duel between two noble Dukes, Buckingham and Bedford, owing to some expressions made in the House of Peers by the latter, which was taken as a personal allusion; the parties, attended by their seconds, Lord Lyndoch and Sir Watkin William Wynne, met in Hyde Park, near Kensington garden-gate. The Duke of Bedford discharged his weapon in the air after standing the first fire of his noble antagonist; an explanation then took place, in which his Grace of Bedford protested nothing was ever more distant from his mind than offence to the Duke of Buckingham; for what had fallen from his lips was meant in a general sense only,

The latter declared himself satisfied, and they parted on amicable terms. It is, however, our painful duty to record an affair in high life of a far different and more melancholy nature—the decease of the Archbishop of Armagh at his house in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. It appears that his lordship has been for some time since afflicted with the gout joined to a slight cold; but his indisposition was by no means considered of a serious nature; on the contrary, so little apprehension existed as to any danger resulting from his confinement, that Mrs. Stuart and her daughter were actually making preparations for an early visit to Ireland. On Monday morning, the 6th, the Archbishop was attended by Sir Henry Halford, who wrote a prescription for a draught, which was immediately sent to the shop of Mr. Jones in Mount-street, to be prepared. His lordship having expressed some impatience about the draught, Mrs. Stuart enquired if it was come, and being answered in the affirmative, she requested that it might be brought to her immediately, and the under butler went to the porter for it. The latter had just received it from the apothecary's, together with a two-ounce vial of laudanam,) for his own use, which he is in the habit of taking in small quantities occasionally, for a disorder with which he is afflicted,) but unfortunately, in the hurry of the moment, he substituted the laudanum for the draught, and the under-butler unconsciously carried it to his lady, who, not in the least aware but that it was the desired potion, administered it to the Archbishop with her own hand. In a few minutes the fatal mistake was discovered, and in the horror of the moment Mrs. Stuart actually rushed from the presence of her husband into the street with the phial in her hand shrieking for aid; medical assistance was immediately procured, but all in vain, the strength of the deadly poison counteracted every effort to expel it; and at half past four the next morning, the heart-rending scene was closed by the death of the worthy prelate. The Archbishop was a man of reserved character to strangers, but benevolent and philanthropic, and seeking happiness in the bosom of his own family; by whom, and the distinguished few that were honored with his intimacy, his loss will be long felt. He was studious and a man of sound knowledge and literature, and an admirer and liberal encourager of the finearts.

Severe calamities have visited the Sister Kingdom in consequence of the failure of the crops, and probably some other causes, which at the present time it would be unchristian-like to descant on; be this as it may, the situation of the inhabitants calls loudly for commiseration, and the call is not raised in vain. Famine, with its frequent attendant, the typhus fever, has made its appearance in several of the districts, and thousands of persons are in an actual state of starvation, and some have literally died of want. Most liberal subscriptions have been entered into; and the London Committee, with whom the benevolent measure originated, have had the satisfaction of seeing their example generally followed in the provincial towns and cities. It is said, that the net amount of the sums gathered, amount to more than sixty thousand pounds; and amongst the donations we notice the princely one of £500 from the Earl Fitzwilliam. Money has been remitted to the various suffering counties, &c. according to their population and necessities; and several vessels freighted with potatoes, meal, seeds, and other articles of necessary consumption and use, have been sent to various parts in Ireland; a measure that must surely dispel every remaining doubt of our feeling and fraternal good-will towards them, and cement a lasting friendship between the kingdoms.

We are sorry to announce the death of the Countess Fitzwilliam, at Milton-park, Northamptonshire, in her 75th year.

In respect of Foreign intelligence, we have little to observe. The French papers latterly received, are very laconic on the affairs of Russia and Turkey, but what they do contain has a warlike aspect; and an article from Hamburgh states accounts to have been received from the banks of the Pruth, dated on the twenty-first of April, containing the important intelligence that the second Russian army had received orders to hold itself in readiness to march, and that the next advices would fix its determination.

Papers received in London of the 22nd of May, announce the death of the Duke of Richelieu, late Prime Minister of France, in the 53d year of his age; his complaint was a brain-fever, and he expired at his hotel in the place Vendome. M. De Tatischeff has received a formal assurance from Count Metternich, that the moment war should break out between

Russia and the Porte, that Austria would make common cause with the court of St. Petersburg: a partition of the Ottoman Empire is then to take place, and the Turkish power will be Europeanized.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME CAMPORESE has taken her farewell of a British audience, after several seasons of highly-distinguished patronage, to seek (as we are led to understand) rest from her labours in an elegant retirement on her native shores. The performance was Lerois's serious opera of Otello, Moor of Venice, (in which the lady above-mentioned most ably sustained the unfortunate victim of jealousy, the lovely, tender, confiding Desdemonda,) and the Pages of Il Ducca De Vendome.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

ABOUT the middle of last month (May), this theatre had the honor of a visit from His Majesty, who was graciously pleased to command as the performance of the evening, "The Siege of Belgrade," and the farce of "Monsieur Tonson." Mr. Elliston made extensive preparations on the occasion, and the doors were opened half an hour earlier than usual; yet such was the pressure in the pit, that several persons were most courteously accommodated with seats in the orchestra. His Majesty entered the royal box precisely at seven o'clock, attended by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the great Officers of State. In an instant the whole audience arose, as if with one accord; the shouts were for some time deafening, and hats from the gentlemen and handkerchiefs from the ladies, waved in every direction. His Majesty advanced and bowed repeatedly during this burst of loyal enthusiasm; when it had in some degree subsided, the whole of the strength of the establishment, with Mr. Elliston at their head, came forward, and sung the anthem of "God save the King," which

was most rapturously encored; our Sovereign and his attendants continued standing during the whole of the time. At the close of the play, "Rule Britannia," was admirably given by Mr. Braham, Madame Vestris, and Miss Forde. Moncrieffe's ludicrous farce of "Monsieur Tonson" appeared to afford great amusement to the royal box, and his Majesty, with his royal brother, did not rise to quit the theatre till the curtain dropped finally for the evening. An amiable young lady, Miss P. Glover, made a successful début on these boards as Juliet; and her next appearance was to personify Ophelia, on which occasion Mr. Kean played the Prince of Denmark. Hamlet is certainly not one of the happiest of this gentleman's characters; he is wanting in the meditative calm melancholy which so strongly pervades the part; but in the play scene his acting was inimitable. He has since appeared as Cardinal Wolsey with great effect, and what is rather new in his line of acting, as Don Felix, in The Wonder, in aidof the farewell benefit of Miss Tidswell, who, after a service of rather more than forty years, took her leave of the public in a respectful and appropriate speech, in which her emotions were very visible. A vocal concert followed, in which the stage represented a Ridotte al Fresco, with an illuminated garden and orchestra: we were happy to observe a crowded audience.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

On May the 11th, this house gave to the public a new operatic drama from the pen of George Colman, esq. the younger. A play announced by this name could not fail in its attraction, and we never witnessed a theatre more completely filled. The play is entitled "The Law of Java," and is founded on the fatal effects as described in traditional tales of the Upas tree, celebrated by the poetry of Darwin, and affirmed by many authors, until exploded by Sir Thomas Raffles in his unrivalled work concerning Java. His Majesty was pleased to command this play (which was certainly conferring a great honor on the author,) on the 17th of May, with "Cherry and Fair Star." Both pieces seemed to meet the royal approbation; and indeed the King was often the leader of the merited applause bestowed on them.

BRITISH MUSEUM
18
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MAY

Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for June 1822

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, 20, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. June 1 1822 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street

THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JUNE, 1822.

WALKING DRESS.

PELISSE of azure blue *gros de Naples*, let in with leaves of white satin down the front and round the bottom of the skirt. The tops of the sleeves are cut melon fashion with leaves of satin to correspond. The collar is cut square, fastens quite up to the neck, and falls over. Blue kid shoes, and Limeric gloves.

Bonnet composed of the same materials with white marabouts tipped with blue, placed carelessly across the top of the crown.

EVENING DRESS,

COMPOSED of white toilet, ornamented with pink *gros de Naples*. The bottom of the dress is finished with a *rouleau* of pink of the same material; above this are trimmings composed of white crape and pink *gros de Naples*, forming leaves and roses. The hair falls back in full curls, and twined round with a wreath of China roses. Pearl ornaments; white kid gloves and shoes.

The above elegant dresses were furnished by MISS PIERPOINT, of 12, Edward-street, Portman-square, the inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The chocolate for *gros de Naples* is still, and likely to continue, for some time, the most fashionable color, both for pelisses, dresses, and spencers. The pelisses are still worn with the back and skirt cut in one, ornamented round with very handsome trimming of satin; the cuffs and epaulettes to correspond.

The newest morning-dress is composed of a fine jaconet muslin, embroidered at the bottom; the body cut high, a fall-over collar and lappets, edged with scollop-work over the shoulders, forming an epaulette.

THE EVENING DRESS

Is composed of a rich white satin, ornamented round the bottom with a fullness of silk net, and folds similar to those on turbans, placed over the net in waves, ornamented at the end of each with a ring of silver cord; the whole surmounted with a plait of white satin and silver twist. The body low, with straps corded at the edge, and crossed in diamonds in the centre of the front. A full jasmine net covers the back, which laces up. The sleeves correspond with the bottom, and are intermixed with silver twist.

The Grecian cottage is the last new shape in bonnets, (the crown and front all cut in one), long gauze strings edged with blond, and a veil to match. The crowns are more fashionable trimmed with flowers than feathers.

The newest morning head-dress is the Rosina cap with long lappets, trimmed with blue, and a wreath of convolvolus across the front.

We are indebted for the preceding to Mrs. Blundell, of Ludgate-street, who has always a choice variety of tasteful dresses for the inspection of the curious.

In a morning hour, silk stockings are discarded for those of cotton made to represent lace. Boots are seldom worn by the most elegant women, thin walking shoes have supplanted them. The creed of fashion, therefore, is to wear silk stockings only when there is silk in the manufacture of the dress; the open-work cotton, with muslin or cambric. The hair, in the first circles, is worn most hideously in horizontal curls, frizzled so as to become gauze like (not, perhaps, very unlike the appearance of spun sugar), therefore gloss is lost. These curls descend no lower than the top of the ears, surrounding the head something like an old fashioned coachman's wig. The hind hair is dressed in bows, frizzled to correspond, and fixed on the back of the head, or the top.

We rejoice, however, to add, that we hear it is the determination of some of our lovely countrywomen to resist this detestable innovation on grace and nature. We trust they will do so; for though staunch advocates for the manners of the olden times, we are by no means anxious to behold the revival of a fashion which was remarkable only for its absurdity.

FULL DRESS,

Composed of *tulle*, over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a garniture of *tulle* intermixed with pearls; this is surmounted by a trimming composed of *tulle*, *chenille*, and pearls, disposed in alternate wreaths of corn-flowers, and roses. This trimming has a very striking and elegant effect. The *corsage* is cut low, and in such a manner as to give considerable width to the chest; it is tight to the shape. Three falls of turtle-dove points go entirely round the bust. The sleeves are composed of *tulle* over white satin; they are short and full, and ornamented with points to correspond. The front hair is dressed in light full ringlets, which fall very low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is arranged in bows, somewhat higher than it has lately been worn. Head-dress composed of a very full plume of white ostrich feathers and a pearl sprig. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. Gloves of white kid, and shoes of white *gros de Naples*.

DINNER-PARTY DRESS,

Composed of sky-blue sarsnet, trimmed at the border by two distinct rows of puffing ornaments of the same material, and entwined by rich white silk *cordons*, headed by white satin *rouleaux*; over these rows of puffing falls a foliage trimming, consisting of large separate single leaves of white satin edged with blond. Long sleeves of fine net, entwined with quiltings round the arm, composed of Urling's patent lace, of which the net is also composed; these long sleeves are surmounted by *mancherons* of blue sarsnet, ornamented to correspond with the border of the dress; the *corsage* finished round the bust by points of white satin, edged with blond, and a tucker of Urling's lace. A Venetian-Carnival *toque* of white and sky-blue satin, lightly ornamented with blond. Ear-rings and necklace composed of pearls. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

SINCE our last, we have remarked in the Thuilleries and other public fashionable places of resort, some very beautiful robes of violet silk, and plaids of three rows, not festooned.

Sleeves are not worn below the elbow. Pelerines of the same stuff as the robe, and buttoned behind, are fashionable.

At the Louvre the other day, we were particularly struck with a dress of a remarkably striking appearance, worn by a lady of very elegant figure: it was composed of white satin, ornamented with branches of acacia. The sleeves were formed of *crevés*, the stalks embroidered in cotton, and the branches separated by open spaces. The embroidery reached to the knees; the sleeves were tastefully worked round with acacia branches, and a turned-over collar was ornamented in the same elegant manner. Below the collar was a trimming of *marabouts*, composed of yellow and green on a white ground.

At the recent benefit of Mademoiselle George, the tragic queen of the Odeon, which took place at the new Opera-House, turbans were very conspicuous, composed of one or two colors. Those of the latter description are called *coupés*, from the colors of which they are composed being crossed.

Leghorn bonnets are worn with plumes of white ostrich feathers, with bunches of straw. Those of willow, with fruits and gauze trimmings; and those of *tissu de coton*, with flowers and fruit. A riband is attached to each bonnet, of the same color as the trimming; it is passed *en sautoir*, and forms a double *rosette* under the chin.

Bunches of lilac and jasmine are also worn, either together or separately, upon bonnets of willow or crape; snow-drops and moss-roses are likewise fashionable.

Some of our Parisian *elegantés* have ordered branches and bunches of the gooseberry-tree with red fruit, for cotton bonnets; but as this ornament requires a great many bunches, it will consequently be very expensive.

Morning caps, of clear muslin, are now made with lappets as large in every respect as those which are worn with bonnets. A broad twisted gauze trimming is used in the room of those formed of blond for the inner edges of bonnets. They are sometimes made in the shape of a toque *à la Marie Stuart*; and occasionally one of the two ends is brought under the chin, and fastened to the other, forming a knot at the side.

The fashionable colors are—rose, cherry, blue, lilac, and straw.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

VARIETY;

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

(Concluded from page 297.)

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. MARTIAL.

I can't live with you, nor without you.

ROLL swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment rise;
Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load,
To the light car, where, mounted high,
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurr'd, 'twas all delightful;
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash thro' thick and thin,
The hair-breath 'scapes, the bustling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the squire and lady).
Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
Determin'd to be pleas'd and please.

Now nearer town, and all agog,
They knew dear London by its fog.
Bridges they cross'd, thro' lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath behind;
Through Brentford win a passage free,
By roaring, "Wilkes and liberty!"
At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning way,
Where Bays's troops in ambush lay,

O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace its side)
Till Bond-street, with its lamps a blaze,
Concludes the journey of three days.

Why should we paint in tedious song,
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste,
Through Lud's vast town; or, as as they pass'd
Midst risings, fallings, and repairs,
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew,
At buildings—and at builders too.

Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those,
Who built as high, as widely spread
Th' enormous loads that cloth'd their head;
For British dames new follies love,
And if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tower, awry,
Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees and flow'rs,
And corn, and grass, and shepherd's bow'rs,
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendant groves of Babylon,
Till, nodding from the topmost wall,
Otranto's plumes envelope all!
Whilst the black ewes, who round the hair
Feed harmless on in pastures fair,
Unconscious that *their* tails perfume
In scented curls the drawing-room.

When night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retired to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was show,
Gollini's, Almacks, and Soho;
The *passe par tout* through ev'ry vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign.

O London! thou prolific source,
Parent of Vice and Folly's nurse!
Fruitful as Nile, thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births, and all with stings;
But happiest for the He, or She,
I know not which, that livelier dunce,
Who first contriv'd the coterie,
To crush domestic bliss at once,
Then grinn'd no doubt amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
Of thee, Pantheon! let me speak
With rev'rence, tho' in numbers weak;
Thy beauties Satire's frowns beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms ev'n modern taste defi'd,
They could not spoil thee, tho' they try'd.
Ah! pity, that Time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!
Let architects of humbler name,
On frail materials build their fame,
Their noblest works the world might want—
WYATT should build in adamant!

But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the pow'rs of song?
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,
(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task. Our humbler Muse,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines),
Recoiling feeds her feeble fires,
And blushing, to her shades retires.
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where e'en Democritus, thy sneer
Were vain, as Heraclitus' tear.

Suffice it, that, by just degrees,
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease,

(For beauty wins its way uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd)
Each gambling dame She knew, and He
Knew ev'ry spark of quality,
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of nonchalance.
While Jenny now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqu'd, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken loo.

Advanc'd to Fashion's wav'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led,
Devis'd new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reign'd supreme;
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by *his* desire,
A *tête-a-tête* across the fire;
Look'd in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear and half a smile.
The ruddy health which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd his wonted streak;
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She, lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With *rouge* had striv'n in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.

Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wish'd to speak—both hung the head.
At length it burst—" 'Tis time," he cries,
" When tir'd of folly to be wise;—
Are you too tir'd?" then check'd a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on:—
" How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife.

Not e'en satiety could tame,
Nor dissipation quench the flame.
True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retir'd we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught.
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more;
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languish'd to declare.
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
We left the lonesome place; and found
In dissipation's giddy round
A thousand novelties, to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As from the nest not wand'ring far,
In light excursion through the air,
The feather'd tenants of the grove,
Around in mazy circles move,
(Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough)
We sported freely with the rest;
And, still returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.
Behold us now dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures ev'ry hour employ,
Immers'd in all the world calls joy.
Our affluence easing the expence
Of splendor and magnificence;
Our company the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great;
Nor happy yet! and where's the wonder,
We live, my dear, too much asunder."

The moral of my tale is this—
Variety's the soul of bliss!
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.

As from the heart's impelling pow'r,
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a different way,
The active streams meand'ring play
Through ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor list'ning to the Syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

TO MRS. SIDDONS,

ON HER LAST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

BY MISS GRIMANI.

I HAVE beheld thee! yes, at last I've seen
The pride, the wonder, of the British isle,
Have gaz'd with awe, on thy majestic mien,
Have seen thy angry frown, thy joyful smile,
And all the powerful changes of that face,
Which though in age, defies the world to show
An equal to each finish'd feature's grace,
Which guides to bliss, or melts the heart to woe.

I have beheld thy form, have seen thine eye,
Whose bright expression speaks alone each thought,
Panting with fear, with wild anxiety,
Till my wrapt soul each mimic terror caught,
I've follow'd thee through artificial grief,
And heard the plaintive pathos of thy moan,
Till pity swell'd my heart to give relief,
And weeping, thought the author's woes thy own.

Time o'er thy form has scarcely dar'd to wave
The with'ring wand which dims all beauty's pow'r,
The charm which thy superior spirit gave,
Still, still delights, as in thy youthful hour,
Thy perfect mind still holds its tow'ring height,
Above the powers of enfeebling age,
Still beams thy genius with ne'er fading light,
And bids thee reign supreme of England's stage.

AN IMITATION OF T. M.

By T. B. G.

HAVE you seen the demons three,
Dancing round the Upas tree?
Round in silent dance they go,
Horns that glare, and hoofs that glow;
Swiftly dance their hoofs around,
Never cease, and never sound.

Forming fiery circles three,
Hoofs, and eyes, and horns agree.
Swiftly whisk they round and round,
Never cease, and never sound.
Mark their breath of fiery blue;
Have you seen it?—Well done you.

SOLUTION

TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

WANT is a thing that all must dread,
When AGE is hov'ring near;
That wine may WANT AGE may be said,
Indeed 'tis very clear.

Alfred knew WANT ere AGE he knew;
At WANTAGE he was born:
I trust that my solution's true,
And will not meet with scorn. J. M. LACEY.

Marriages.

At Southampton, the Hon. and Rev. F. J. Noel, to Cecilia Penelope, fifth daughter of the late P. C. Methuen, esq. of Corsham-house, Wilts. At Tinwell, Thomas A. Cook, esq. of Peterboro' to Mary Joanna, widow of the late Wm. Boggis, esq. Lieut. Col. of the West Essex Militia. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Geo. Rust, esq. of Huntingdon, to Sophia, daughter of Henry Peters, esq. of Betchworth Castle, Surrey. William Lawrence, esq. of Peterboro', to Henrietta, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Bringhurst, of Woodstone. At St. George's, London, Mr. J. Jardell, of Stamford, to Miss Evans, daughter of the late Mr. Evans, of Brecon, South Wales. John Nedham Gent, Surgeon, to Sarah, only daughter of James Banhart, esq. both of Leicester. At Doncaster, the Rev. I. F. Beckwith, Vicar of East Retford, Notts. to Miss Carter, only daughter of the Rev. J. Carter, of Lincoln. Edmund Turton, esq. of Larpool Hall, Yorkshire, to Marianne, only child of Robt. Bell Livesey, esq. of Kildale, Yorkshire. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Francis Graham Goddart, esq. of Lambeth, Surrey, to Isabella, only daughter of Samuel Roberts, esq. of Bexley, Kent. At Woodchester, by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, the Earl of Denbigh, to the Hon. Miss Moreton, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Ducie.

Deaths.

At her mother's house in Hill street, London, the Hon. Miss Katherine Cust, youngest daughter of the late Lord Brownlow. In the 21st year of her age, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. J. A. Mills, of Stamford. In the 73d year of his age, Gabriel Le Pipre, esq. 55 years of the Crown Office, Inner Temple, Law Officer on the Crown side of the Court of King's Bench, Westminster. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The Duke de Richelieu (late prime Minister of France) of a brain fever. At Paris, the venerable and excellent Abbe Sicard, aged 84. At Milton House, near Peterboro', the Countess Fitzwilliam, aged 75.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—the communications of Miss A. M. Porter,—of D. E.—B. W. G.—J. M.—J. H.—B.—***,—A Touch upon Politics,—Germanicus,—An old Friend,—Z.—Letter to D.—An odd Story,—Lines on the setting Sun,—Song,—To Miss M. N.—The Choice,—Verses to L.—Epitaph,—Anon,—Translation.

"A Comparison," &c. if possible in our next.

"Do you want to know who it" is answered, "We do not." The whole circumstance is perfectly uninteresting to us.

We thank our Monmouth correspondent, and regret his distance.

The communications of G. are under consideration, and an early answer shall be given.

We will avail ourselves of W—'s suggestion, and will be happy to receive the poetic effusions of himself and companions.

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Sir Robert Ker Porter.

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